THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

But before we proceed to his answer, we ought to recite another morsel, in which, perhaps, there is more art than even in that we have just read, because it offers a very imposing foundation of moral and political truth, which is false only in the application.

"I ought to advertise, you, Athenians, that if you do not set bounds to this profusion of crowns and of recompenses, which you distribute so easily, far from inspiring with gratitude those whom you honour, far from rendering the republic better, you will only discourage the good citizens, and encourage the vicious. Shall I give you a clear proof of this? If any one should ask you, which is the most glorious epocha for Athens, this in which we live, or that which our ancestors saw? At what time were there the greatest number of great men, at this day, or heretofore? You could not but answer that we are inferior, in all things, to those who preceded us. Now, at which of these eras have been decreed the most crowns, proclamations, and public rewards? It must be acknowledged that such honours were formerly rare, and yet the name of virtue was much more truly revered. In these days you are prodigal of all things, and you decree crowns rather from habit than from choice. Do you believe that in the Panathenean Festivals, or in the Olympic Games, we crowned not the wrestler, who has the best contended, but him who has understood the best how to intrigue, there would be many wrestlers who would devote themselves to all the fatigues, and all the mortifications which this laborious profession requires. This is your history, Athenians. In proportion as you have accumulated, without choice and without discernment, you have had fewer citizens, who have been capable of meriting them. The more you have given, the worse you have been served. Compare this Demosthenes, who fled from the field of battle at Cheronea, to Themistocles, who conquered at Salamis, to Miltiades, who triumphed at Marathon, to those who saved and restored to the city our fellow-citizens, shut up in the walls of Pylos, to the just Aristides.——But I restrain myself—— May the Gods preserve me from establishing a parallel so shocking. Let Demosthenes point out one of these great men, who was ever honoured with a crown of gold. What then? Have the people of Athens been ungrateful? No! They have been magnanimous, and these illustrious citizens have been worthy of them. They thought that it was not by decrees that they should be honoured in the eyes of posterity, but by the history and remembrance of their great actions. They were not deceived, and their memory is immortal.

"Would you know what was obtained from your ancestors, by those who conquered the Medes on the banks of the Strymon? Three statues of stone, placed under a portico of Mercury. Go and look at the public monument, by which is represented the battle of Marathon: even the name of Miltiades is not there. It was permitted only that he should be painted in the front rank, exhorting his soldiers. Read the decree rendered in favour of the deliverers at Pylos: what was awarded them? A crown of olive. Read, in the next place, that of Ctesiphon, a crown of gold! Have a care, Athenians, one of these decrees annihilates the other. If one was honourable, the other is scandalous. If the first received a recompense in proportion to their merit, it is evident that this one receives a reward out of all proportion to his. And the man himself, what ought he to do? Appear before you, and say, it is not for me to refuse the crown which you offer me: but this is not a time for such a proclamation. It would ill become me to wear a crown on my head, when the republic is in mourning. This would be said by a man, who acknowledged the genuine virtue and legitimate glory. But Demosthenes knows neither."

It is melancholy that the art of oratory is here nothing but the art of calumny, which, by shewing only one side of objects, employs the name of virtue to combat virtuous men.

The two principal points treated by Eschynes, in the latter part of his discourse, expose to our view the terror inspired by the eloquence of Demosthenes. He absolutely insists upon prescribing the form of his defence, and that the judges should order him to follow the same order which he has pursued in his accusation. Afterwards he labours to prove, by all sorts of reasons, that Ctesiphon alone ought to defend himself, and that the moment he shall say, according to the usual formulary, 'Permit me to call Demosthenes, that he may speak for me,' the assembly ought to refuse to hear him. I own I cannot here recognize the art of Eschynes. His demand is disgusting, and cannot but hurt him. We should never demand what we are sure not to obtain. Was not Demosthenes attacked ten times more than Ctesiphon? On the other hand, was not Eschynes equally unskilful in betraying the fear which Demosthenes had excited in him, and in persuading himself that the Athenians would deprive themselves of the pleasure of hearing him in his own cause. Happily they had no regard to this awkward pretension. Demosthenes harangued, and it is time to hear him. Attend to his exordium.

"I begin, by a supplication to the immortal Gods, that they would inspire you, Athenians, with the same disposition towards me, which I have always felt for you and for the state; that they may incline you, according to your interest, your equity, and your glory, not to take the counsel of my adversary, to regulate the order of my defence. Nothing would be more unjust, or more inconsistent with the oath you have taken to hear impartially the two parties; which signifies not only that you ought not to bring here any prejudice or favour, but that you ought to permit the accused to establish, in his own way, the means of his justification. Eschynes has already in this cause advantages enough over me; yes, Athenians, and two especially of great importance. In the first place, our risks are not equal; if he gains not his cause, he loses nothing. But I, if I lose your good will!—But no—there shall not proceed from my mouth a portentous expression, at the moment when I begin to speak to you. The other advantage he has of me is, that it is but too natural to hear favourably accusation and censure, and to hear with pain and disgust those who are forced to speak well of themselves. Thus then Eschynes has for him all that flatters the most of mankind, and has left me all that displeases and hurts them. If, in the fear of this, I am silent concerning the actions of my public life, I shall appear to justify myself imperfectly; I shall no longer appear to be the person whom you have judged worthy of recompense. If I enlarge upon what I have done for the service of the state, I shall be under a necessity of speaking often of myself. This I shall do, with all the reserve of which I am capable: and all that I shall be obliged to say, O Athenians, I pray you to impute it to him, who has reduced me to the necessity of defending myself."

He takes care not to follow the plan of defence which had been prescribed to him by the artful Eschynes, who pretended to oblige him to answer first to the infraction of legal forms. Demosthenes was too able to fall into this snare. He was fully sensible that this juridical discussion, already very long in the discourse of Eschynes, would appear still more so in his, and that he should begin by fatiguing his auditory, and cooling his harangue. His essential object was to prove that he had merited the crown, and to conciliate his judges, in placing before their eyes all that he had done for the state. The painting of his administration, drawn with all the interest which he was capable of giving it, must necessarily aggrandize him in the eyes of the Athenians, by humbling his adversary, and place his cause in the most favourable light. By this he begins. But with what address does he conduct it! How perfectly does he know how to insinuate himself into the hearts of his audience! In rendering to himself the testimony which an honest man, under accusation, owes to himself, a public man, who gives an account of his conduct; how he avoids every thing which has the air of vain glory! He manages so well that he interests the Athenians, as much as himself, in his cause. He had to contend with self-love, of all judges the most difficult to convince or persuade. It is this which he gains in the first place. And if the rock which his cause had to avoid, was the danger of wounding this self-love, we must acknowledge that the perfection of his eloquence is in having known how to conciliate it to his party. It is always the Athenians who have done every thing:

his thoughts, his resolutions, have always been theirs; his advice has always been in harmony with their sentiments; he places his glory always under the protection of that of Athens. Judge then to what a degree he must please a people, naturally vain, and whether it is astonishing that he should have carried all the suffrages!

He has not accomplished one third of his discourse, when that of his adversary is annihilated: not the smallest trace of it remains; Demosthenes is in the skies, Eschynes in the dust; and if they had not desired to hear a man who spoke so well, they would have dispensed with his saying any more. This first part renders his apology so complete, places in so clear a light all the lies of Eschynes, and all the services of Demosthenes, that it seems as if the rest had been pronounced, not for the necessity of the cause, but for the vengeance of the accused. He tramples under his feet an enemy, who had been long since thrown to the ground.

[*To be Continued.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

[We are convinced that the perusal of the very interesting biography, continued from our last, will excite the mind of every youth of genius.]

LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Mr. Thistlethwaite, in the letter already quoted, says that Chatterton informed him, that he was in possession of certain old MSS, which had been found deposited in a chest, in Redcliffe church, and that he had lent one to Philips, which he showed him, and which he is confident was Elenoure and Juga, afterwards published in the Town and Country Magazine for May 1796. 'I endeavoured,' says he, 'to assist Philips in investigating the meaning of the lines; but from an almost total ignorance of the characters, manners, language, and orthography, in which they were written, all our efforts were unprofitably exerted.' There appears good reason for suspecting some mistake in Mr. Thistlethwaite's narrative, either as to the date, or some other circumstance; both his mother and sister affirm that he knew nothing of the parchments brought from Redcliffe Church, till after he had left school.

Under all the disadvantages of education, the acquisitions of Chatterton were surprising. Besides the variety of reading which he had gone through, Mr. Croft remarks, he had some knowledge of music; had acquired a taste for drawing, which afterwards he greatly improved; and the usher of the school asserted, he had made a rapid progress in arithmetic.

An extraordinary effect of his discovering an employment adapted to his genius, is remarked in his sister's letter. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn; but, it was observed, that he became more cheerful after he began to write poetry.

On the 1st of July 1767, he left the charity school, and was bound apprentice to Mr. John Lambert, attorney of Bristol, for seven years; the apprentice-fee was ten pounds; the master was to find him in meat, drink, clothes, and lodging; the mother in washing and mending. He slept in the same room with the foot-boy, and went every morning at eight o'clock to the office, which was at some distance; and, except the usual time for dinner, continued there till eight o'clock at night, after which he was at liberty till ten, when he was always expected to be at home.

Mr. Lambert affords the most honourable testimony in Chatterton's favour, with respect to the regularity of his attendance, as he never exceeded the limited hours but once, when he had leave to spend the evening with his mother and some friends. Once, and but once, he thought himself under the necessity of correcting him; and that was for sending a very abusive anonymous letter to his old schoolmaster, a short time after he was bound to him. He, however, accuses him of a sullen and gloomy temper, which particularly displayed itself among the servants. Chatterton's superior abilities, and superior information, with the pride which usually accompanies these qualities, doubtless rendered him an unfit inhabitant of the kitchen, where his ignorant associates would naturally be inclined to envy, and would affect to despise those accomplishments which he held in the highest estimation; and even the familiarity of vulgar and illiterate persons must, undoubtedly, be rather disgusting than agreeable to a mind like his.

Mr. Lambert's was a situation unfavourable to the cultivation of his genius. Though much confined, he had much leisure. His master's business consumed a very small portion of his time; frequently, his sister says, it did not engage him above two hours in a day.

While Mr. Lambert was from home, and no particular business interfered, his stated employment was to copy precedents, a book of which, containing three hundred and forty folio pages, closely written by Chatterton, is still in possession of Mr. Lambert, as well as another of about thirty pages. The office library contained nothing but law books, except an old edition of Cambden's 'Britannia.'

He seems to have had a very early predilection for old words and *black-letter lore*. His sister relates, that soon after his apprenticeship, and some months before he was fifteen, he 'wrote a letter to an old school-mate, then at New-York, consisting of a collection of all the hard words in the English language,' and 'requested him to answer it.' He that could collect *hard words* for a letter, might collect *old ones* for a poem.

He had continued this course of life for upwards of a year; not, however, without some symptoms of an aversion to his profession, before he began to attract the notice of the literary world.

In the beginning of October 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished. At that time, there appeared in Fœlix Farley's Bristol Journal, an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that 'the following description of the friars first passing over the old bridge, was taken from an ancient manuscript,' and signed *Dunhelmus Bristoliensis*. The paper demonstrates strong powers of invention, and uncommon knowledge of ancient customs.

Mr. Ruddal informed Mr. Croft that he assisted Chatterton in disguising *several* pieces of parchment with the appearance of age, just before the Account of passing the Bridge appeared in Farley's Journal; that after they had made several experiments, Chatterton said, 'this will do, now I will black *the* parchment;' and that Chatterton told him, after the Account appeared in the paper, that *the* parchment which he had blacked and disguised after their experiments, was what he had sent to the printer, containing the Account.

So singular a memoir could not fail to excite curiosity, and many persons became anxious to see the original. After much inquiry, it was found that the manuscript was brought to the printer by Chatterton. 'To the threats of those,' says Mr. Croft, 'who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account.' He at first alleged that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain manuscripts by a gentleman, who also had engaged him to furnish complimentary verses, inscribed to a lady, with whom that gentleman was in love. On being farther pressed, he at last declared, that he had received the paper, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in the upper room, over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church.

When rents were received, and kept in specie, it was usual for corporate bodies to keep the writings and rents of estates, left for particular purposes, in chests appropriated to each particular benefactor, and called by the benefactor's name.

Over the north porch of Redcliffe church, which was founded or rebuilt, in the reign of Edward IV. by Mr. William Canynge, a merchant of Bristol, there is a kind of muniment room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which in particular was called 'Mr. Canynge's cofre.' This chest, it is said, was secured by six keys, intrusted to the minister, procurator of the church, mayor, and church wardens, which, in process of time, were lost.

In 1727, a notion prevailed, that some title-deeds and other writings of value, were contained in Mr. Canynge's cofre: in consequence of which, an order of vestry was made that the chest should be opened under the inspection of an attorney, and that those writings which appeared of consequence should be removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were, therefore, forced, and not only the principal chest, but the others, which were also supposed to contain writings, were broken open. The deeds immediately relating to the church were kept, and the other manuscripts were left exposed, as of no value.

Chatterton's father, having free access to the church, by means of his uncle, the sexton, carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments for covering copy-books and Bibles.

At his death, his widow being under the necessity of removing, carried the remainder to her own habitation, where, according to her account, they continued neglected, or were converted into thread papers, till her son took notice of them, and carried them away, telling her 'that he had found a treasure.'

The account which he thought proper to give of them, and which he wished to be believed, was, that they were poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom he at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Catcott, a pewterer in Bristol, having heard of Chatterton's pretended discovery, was introduced to him, and soon after obtained from him, very readily, and without any reward, the Bristow Tragedy, and Rowley's Epitaph upon Mr. Canynge's ancestor. In a few days he brought some more, among which was the Yellow Roll.

These pieces were immediately communicated to Mr. Barret, a respectable surgeon in Bristol, then engaged in writing the history of that city, whose friendship and patronage, by these means, Chatterton was fortunate enough to secure.

During the first conversations which Mr. Catcott had with him, he heard him mention the names of most the poems, since printed, as being in his possession.

He afterwards grew more suspicious and reserved, and it was but rarely and with difficulty that any more originals could be obtained from him.

He confessed to Mr. Catcott that he had destroyed several, and some of which he owned to have been in his possession, were never afterwards seen. One of these was the Tragedy of the Apostate, of which only a small part has been preserved by Mr. Barret. The subject of it was

the apostacy of a person from the Christian to the Jewish faith.

Mr. Barret, however, obtained from him, at different times, several fragments in verse and prose, written upon vellum; and he asserted them to be a part of Rowley's manuscripts. A *fac simile* of one of these fragments, the Account of William Canynge's Feast, engraved by Mr. Strutt, is published in Mr. Tyrwhitt's and Doctor Mille's edition of Rowley's Poems. The hand-writing is not the record hand used in the fifteenth century. The Arabian numerals, 63, are perfectly modern, and exactly such as Chatterton himself was accustomed to make.

The friendship of Mr. Barret and Mr. Catcott was of considerable advantage to Chatterton. He spent many agreeable hours in their company. His sister says, that after he was introduced to their acquaintance, his ambition daily and perceptibly increased, and he would frequently speak in raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life. 'When in spirits, he would enjoy his rising fame, and, confident of advancement, he would promise his mother and I should be partakers of his success.'

Mr. Barret lent him several medical books, and, at his request, gave him some instructions in surgery.

His taste was versatile, and his studies various. In 1768 and 1769, Mr. Thistlethwaite frequently saw him, and describes, in a lively manner, the employment of his leisure hours. 'One day he might be found busily employed in the study of heralday and English antiquities, both of which are numbered among the most favourite of his pursuits; the next discovered him deeply engaged, confounded, and perplexed, amidst the subtilties of metaphysical disquisitions, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinths of mathematical researches; and these again neglected and thrown aside, to make room for music and astronomy, of both of which sciences his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen and Hippocrates with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empiric.'

With a view of perfecting himself in the study of English antiquities, he borrowed Skinner's Etymologicon, and Benson's Saxon Vocabulary, of Mr. Barret, which he soon returned as useless, most of the interpretations being in Latin.

He was furnished by Mr. Green, a bookseller in Bristol, with Kersey's Dictionary, and Speght's Chaucer, the Glossary to which he carefully transcribed. These books, together with Bailey's Dictionary, which he studied very closely, supplied him with the language of Rowley's Poems. Whatever plan he adopted, he entered upon with an earnestness and fervour almost unexampled. Like Milton, he believed he was more capable of writing well at some particular times than at others; and the full of the moon was the season when he imagined his genius to be in perfection, at which time he generally devoted a part of the night to composition.

His Sundays were continually spent in walking alone into the country about Bristol; and from these excursions he never failed to bring home drawings of churches, or other objects which had impressed his romantic imagination.

His attention was not confined to the supposed Poems of Rowley: he wrote a variety of pieces, chiefly satirical, both in prose and verse, which he sent to the Town and Country Magazine.

One of the first of his pieces which appeared, was a letter on the tinctures of the Saxon heralds, dated Bristol, February 4, 1769, and signed Dunhelmus Bristoliensis; and, in the same Magazine, a poem was inserted on Mr. Alcock of Bristol, signed Asaphides, attributed to him, which has been claimed by one Lockstone, a linen-draper in Bristol.

In the same Magazine for March are some pretended extracts from Rowley's manuscripts; and in different numbers for the succeeding months, some pieces called Saxon Poems, written in the style of Ossian.

In March 1769, he wrote to the Hon. Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, offering to furnish him with some account of a series of great painters and engravers, who had flourished at Bristol, which, he said, had been lately discovered, with some old poems, in that city. His letter was left at Bathurst's, Mr. Walpole's bookseller, with an Ode or Sonnet, of two or three stanzas, in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard I. (the era he had fixed upon for his forgeries) as a specimen of the poems which were found:

'Richard of Lyon's heart to fight is gone.'

Mr. Walpole had just before been made the instrument of introducing into the world Macpherson's 'Ossian.' A similar application, therefore, served at once to awaken his suspicion. He, however, answered Chatterton's letter, desiring further information; and in reply was informed, that 'he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies;' and hinted a wish that Mr. Walpole would assist him in emerging from so dull a profession, by procuring him some place, in which he might pursue the natural bias of his genius. He affirmed, that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered at Bristol, and were in the hands of a *person*, who had lent him the specimen already transmitted, as well as the pieces which accompanied this letter, among which was Elinour and Juga, 'an absolute modern pastoral,' as Mr. Walpole terms it, 'thinly sprinkled with old words.'

In the meantime the poems were communicated by Mr. Walpole to Gray and Mason, and these excellent and impartial judges, at first sight, pronounced them forgeries; 'the language and metre being totally unlike any thing ancient.'

[*To be Continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

The sensitive Gray, in a frank letter to his friend West, assures him, that, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt him from the fire side, he will, like all other things, be the better for his influence; for the sun is an old friend, and an excellent nurse, &c. This is an opinion which will be easily entertained by every one, who has been cramped by the icy hand of Winter, and who feels the gay and renovating influence of Spring. In those mournful months, when vegetables and animals are alike coerced by cold, man is tributary to the howling storm, and the sullen sky: and is, in the pathetic phrase of Johnson, a 'slave to gloom.' But when the earth is disencumbered of her load of snows, and warmth is felt, and twittering swallows are heard, he is again jocund and free. Nature renews her charter to her sons, and rejoicing mortals, in the striking language of the poet, 'revisit light, and feel its sovereign, vital lamp.' Hence is enjoyed, in the highest luxury,

'Day, and the sweet approach of ev'n and morn,
And sight of vernal bloom, and summer's rose,
And flocks, and herds, and human face divine.'

It is nearly impossible for me to convey to my readers an idea of the 'vernal delight,' felt, at this period, by the Lay Preacher, far declined in the vale of years. My spectral figure, pinched by the rude gripe of January, becomes as thin as that 'dagger of lath,' employed by the vaunting Falstaff; and my mind, affected by the universal desolation of Winter, is nearly as vacant of joy and bright ideas, as the forest is of leaves, and the grove is of song. Fortunately for my happiness, this is only periodical spleen. Though, in the bitter months, surveying my extenuated body, I exclaim, with the melancholy prophet, 'My leanness, my leanness, woe is me;' and though, adverting to the state of my mind, I behold it, 'all in a robe of darkest grain;' yet, when April and May reign in sweet vicissitude, I give, like Horace, care to the winds: and perceive the whole system excited by the potent stimulus of sunshine.

An ancient bard, of the happiest descriptive powers, and who noted objects not only with the eye of a poet, but with the accuracy of a philosopher, says, in a short poem, devoted to the praises of mirth, that

'Young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.'

In merry Spring time, not only birds, but melancholic old fellows, like myself, sing. The sun is the poet's, the invalid's, and the hypochondriac's friend. Under clement skies, and genial sunshine, not only the body is corroborated, but the mind is vivified, and the heart becomes 'open as day.' I may be considered fanciful in the assertion, but I am positive that many, who, in November, December, January, February, and March, read nothing but Mandeville, Rochefoucault, and Hobbes, and cherish malignant thoughts at the expense of poor human nature, abjure their evil books and sour theories when a softer season succeeds. I have, myself, in Winter, felt hostile to those, whom I could smile upon in May, and clasp to my bosom in June. Our moral qualities, as well as natural objects are affected by physical laws; and I can easily conceive that benevolence, no less than the sun flower, flourishes and expands under the luminary of day.

With unaffected earnestness, I hope that none of my readers will look upon the agreeable visitation of the sun, at this beauteous season, as the impertinent call of a crabbed monitor, or an importunate dun. I hope that none will churlishly tell him 'how they hate his beams.' I am credibly informed that several of my city friends, many fine ladies, and the worshipful society of loungers, consider the early call of the above red faced personage, as downright intrusion. It must be confessed that he is fond of prying into chambers and closets, but not like a rude searcher, or libertine gallant, for injurious or licentious purposes. His designs are beneficent, and he is one of the *warmest* friends in the world. Notwithstanding his looks are sometimes a little suspicious, and he presents himself with the fiery eye and flushed cheek of a jolly toper, yet this is only a new proof of the fallacy of physiognomy, for he is the most regular being in the universe. He keeps admirable hours, and is steady, diligent, and punctual to a proverb. Conscious of his shining merit, and dazzled by his regal glory, I must rigidly inhibit all from attempting to exclude his person. I caution sluggards to abstain from the use of shutters, curtains, and all other villainous modes of insulting my ardent friend. My little garden, my only support, and myself, are equally the objects of his care, and were it not for the constant loan of his great lamp, I could not always see my way to a sermon.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Concluded.]

We agreed to wait at Rotterdam one week longer for a change of wind and weather, a Dutch skipper engaging, if he can procure two or three more passengers, to sail for Margate, and to send us an express as soon as the ice will admit of our getting to sea.

They have two curious ferries over what is called the Heads; that is, the entrances by which the Meuse supplies the water of the two great canals. The passenger is transported across in two minutes in a boat drawn forward by a small hawser, for which he pays a doight, equal to the fourth part of an English half-penny: Yet from the boats of such a passage the corporation derive considerable revenue. In no other country can you so cheaply rid yourself of street beggars. The poor Dutch supplicant expects only his doight, and that obtained he thanks and quits you. Is not the paltry value of this coin indicative of the frugality of the inhabitants, and a proof of what importance money is considered by them?

The numerous bridges of Amsterdam and of this town are of different constructions, in order to lessen the public obstruction as much as possible. The draw bridge admits square-rigged and other vessels Those over the narrow canals have a single arch of stone, under which boats pass by striking their masts; and there are others, where by raising a hinged plank a vessel who has her rigging accommodated to this narrow opening, passes with the masts standing, and with very little impediment to persons crossing the bridge.

The houses are a little disfigured by a general adopted fashion of fixing mirrors 12 or 15 inches square, to the sides of the windows of the second story, in order that the persons within at some distance from the window, without being discovered, may observe what is passing in the street, which by this means is thrown into a pleasing perspective. It is not uncommon to see servants and inferior people on passing the houses where they are known, take off their hats, lest at the moment the master or mistress should happen to be contemplating the street glass.

16th December. Was I called upon to define this government, I would call it an Aristocratic Heptarchy, in which the people had no voice, and the hereditary magistrate no power—a motley machine of check, delay and imbecility. The act of union, ratified at Utrecht in 1579, was a compact of necessity, made when the Seven Provinces had just assumed independence and sovereignty, in the midst of a revolutionary war, and under the pressure of an embittered, sanguinary and haughty enemy. The then existing circumstances justified the measure, but it is now one of the worst among the bad constitutions of Europe. They have at length dismissed the pompous nothings formerly called their High Mightinesses, and may, from the enlightened systems which the present eventful century has given to the world, raise a political fabric suited to the genius and situation of their country. The uniformity of manners, the equality of condition, the love of money and attachment to commerce, so prevalent and so generally paramount to the passions, vivacity and vices of their ardent, heteroclite French allies, all combine to point out a republican form of government as best adapted for Dutch habits and commercial policy; and could they catch some of that enthusiasm and persevering spirit which designated the first periods of their revolt, and establishment as a nation, it might continue for ages pure. They certainly appear better calculated to preserve a republican government, than the French, or even Americans. They appear to be but little actuated either by the vanity or envy which their ambitious neighbours discover: Content to be quiet if they are permitted to grow rich: And with as much sound sense as sangfroid, are perfectly willing to relinquish the triumphs of battles and blood to those countries which have the means and the madness to pursue them.

But let the social compact be formed as it may, it is of great consequence to them that Flanders should be restored to the emperor and king. Should a general peace confirm it a department of France, that republic will then bound on the dykes of Holland, and she will overawe the councils, and sometimes dictate public measures. At present her territories extend from the Alps to the Elbe, and from the Rhine to the Ocean. To the British nation, both in a political and commercial view, it is important that those Austrian provinces should revert to their former sovereign. Indeed the peace of Europe is in a certain degree implicated in the measure, at least as much as all maritime neutral nations are in the reduction of the enormous extension of the English navy.

21st December. We embarked at Maeslandsluice at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and sailed with 6 or 7 fishing smacks, who were bound to the Dogger Bank. Their voyages last about 6 weeks; the vessels have permits, but although they are easily obtained, and the English cruisers seldom molest them, few avail themselves of the benefit. We were gratified at seeing so many as 30 or 40 women assembled at the pier on so cold a night for the purpose of parting with their husbands, brothers or sons, to whom they were most cordially wishing success and safety. Affectionate simplicity, how forcible are thy appeals to the heart!

We had 13 passengers on board our inconvenient and dull-sailing bomb—Germans, English, Americans and Dutch. With a fair wind and moderate weather we averaged only 3 knots, nor could our phlegmatic skipper be prevailed upon to carry more sail. On the second afternoon we reached Margate, passed the lights at the Nore at 3 o'clock, and at 12 came to anchor off Gravesend. In the morning, after going through the usual scrutiny, we took a Gravesend boat for the purpose of viewing the river and its countless shipping, and landed close to London bridge at 6 o'clock, thus completing a tour which has yielded me great satisfaction. Late as I was in this ramble, it abundantly compensated for the fatigue. Manners do not change with seasons. It was the Dutchman on his native soil, and surrounded by his dykes I wished to contemplate. And although I should have preferred seeing him in his summer dress, I still found enough to smile, as well as much to approve, even in the winter garb of the country, and its *cold* inhabitants.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Lausanne, 28th October, 1800.

My Dear Sir,

When we quitted Neufchatel yesterday morning, the eldest of the two —— (one of the most amiable youths I ever saw) insisted on accompanying us as far as St. Aubin, about four leagues along the lake; when he bid us adieu, I assure you I felt considerable regret at parting with him, as his engaging manners, and noble sentiments had endeared him to us even during our short acquaintance.

As we approached Yverdun, we passed through the village of Granson, where there is an old chateau, celebrated for the resistance it made to Charles the Bold, who was defeated near it, and compelled to swim his horse across the lake. The whole road to this village lay along the foot of the mountains of Jura, but here we turned short round the end of the lake, and a few miles brought us to the pleasant little town of Yverdun, and a comfortable lodging in the excellent inn of the Maison Rouge.

We set off again early this morning for Lausanne, where we arrived about twelve. The first part of our ride offered nothing interesting, but as we approached the lake of Geneva we found the country well cultivated, and interspersed with hedges like the finest parts of England. We passed the castle of St. Bartholomew, which has lately been sold by the descendant of its ancient owners. Near the road is an obelisk which his father had erected, and inscribed on it the following sentence in four languages:

Praise ye the name of the Lord.

It having rained all this afternoon, we were prevented from seeing much of the town. It appears however to be very irregularly built. You will remember it was a favorite residence of foreigners, particularly the English. We saw *en passant* the house of Mr. Gibbon, who was partly educated, and spent the latter part of his life here. It is pleasantly situated, and commands a fine view of the lake, the mountains of Savoy, which rise from the water on the opposite shore, and the rich vineyards of the Pays de Vaud, of which Lausanne is, or rather was the capitol.

29th October.

We had several letters for this place, but we only delivered one, lest it should interfere with our arrangements in point of time---That was to professor Seenetan of the academy, who was very polite, and carried us everywhere. The terrace of the cathedral, the promenade of Mount Benon (which is a delightful one), and the high hill back of the town, on which stands the signal, afforded us some magnificent prospects---From the last place we had a fine view of the rich scenery that borders the lake, gilded by the rays of a setting sun, and on examining each feature of this landscape we loitered about the signal till we lost, by the approach of night, the power of distinguishing objects.

The Pays de Vaud was formerly perhaps the happiest country in the world; there was scarcely a tree under which the peasants were not seen dancing to the sound of a rustic pipe. This was more particularly the case in the time of the vintage, when the vineyards were one continued scene of content and festivity. The town of Lausanne partook also of this gaiety, which rendered its society so desirable for a stranger. Its literary character was also great, and its trade in books is even now considerable---Some of the best editions of many French and English works have been printed here, particularly of the former, when the opinions contained in them rendered it imprudent to risk their publication in France. What a deplorable change now!---Strangers have little inducement to make a long stay, as they find the inhabitants sad and gloomy; rarely speaking on any subject but their own misfortunes, and eternally comparing their present with their former condition; those who formerly were the foremost in shewing attention, are now so much engaged in the preservation of their property that they find little time to devote to the entertainment of others; in short, we have found Lausanne, in the little time we have been here, what all the inhabitants say it is, an exceeding dull place.

The Pays de Vaud, of which you have often heard, is one of the best cultivated districts in

Europe; I ought rather to say it was so, for every one tells me it is not like the same thing since the revolution. It then belonged to Berne, but since the change in Helvetian affairs, it has become independent, and is now the canton of the Leman (or lake of Geneva). As I observed before, it is cultivated very much in the manner of the rich counties in England---At every mile you meet with a neat little village, and almost every field can boast its cottage. The wine produced from the district to the westward of Lausanne, is celebrated as one of the best in Switzerland, and is known by the name of La Cote. The district on the other side, as far as Vevay, produces the excellent wine of La Vaux.

In a gentleman's garden, we saw a Roman columna milliaria or mile-stone, and an altar, both of which have been dug up in the neighbourhood.

The town of Lausanne is built on several hills, about a mile from the shore of the lake; where are to be seen, I am informed, the ruins of the ancient Lausanne.

Bex, 31st October.

That we might see part of the country of the Vallais, and the salines of Bex, Mr. G. and I have undertaken a little excursion to this place; for which purpose, we left our carriage, baggage and servant at the Lion d'or in Lausanne, and set out in the carriage of a voiturier yesterday morning at day break.

Our road lay entirely along the shore of the lake to Vevay—the district of La Vaux we found very mountainous, and so rocky that scarcely any soil will lie on it; yet, such is the industry of a poor people that not a spot is left uncultivated, and the whole, to the summit of the hills, laid out in vineyards, which produce one of the pleasantest wines in Switzerland. You would be astonished to see the pains taken to secure the vines, by building walls every ten or fifteen feet the whole way up, to keep the soil from washing away, which however is not always successful and I am assured that it is necessary to carry up fresh soil every year to cover the rocks on which the vine roots lay bare. Frequently did we see a small flat rock of scarcely twenty square feet area, walled in carefully, and covered with vines. Though these millions of walls rising one above another, present no picturesque beauty, yet they convey to the heart more delightful sensations than the finest landscape, by shewing the character of a people, industrious, hardy, and persevering, well rewarded by one of the richest productions of nature from her most sterile district.

We passed many little villages built on the borders of the lake, which, notwithstanding the evils of the revolution, presented the pleasing picture of happiness and industry. In one, we entered the church to see a Roman mile stone, found there, which shewed that the place was thirty-seven thousand paces (or Roman miles) from Avranches, formerly the capital of the Roman province of which this formed a part.

While our voiturier gave bread to his horses, we had time enough to walk about the pretty, interesting little town of Vevay. Not far from thence we came to the village of Clarens, rendered of consequence by its having been made by Rousseau one of the principal theatres of the transactions in his Nouvelle Heloise. A little above the village is the noble chateau in which Julia is supposed to have lived, and opposite, on the other side of the lake, at the foot of the mountains of Saxony, are the rocks of Meillerie, from whence Rousseau makes St. Preux write in a state of mind bordering on despair, and hesitating whether he should not precipitate himself from them as from another Leucate. The scenery about Clarens is so accurately described that it is impossible to see it without feeling an interest in his story almost as great as if it was a real history, and not the romantic production of one of the warmest imaginations that ever existed. I could almost fancy the two lovers' rambles along the shore of the lake, and point out the path that conducted Julia from the chateau to the village.

A little further on we came to the castle of Chillon, built on a rock in the lake, near enough the shore to permit a drawbridge to connect them. This is also a place which, independent of its private history, has been rendered interesting by the magical pen of the Citizen of Geneva, who makes it the place of one of his principal scenes. As the road passed close by the drawbridge, we stopped our carriage, and asked permission of the soldiers who were lounging at the gate to see the castle, but they, being Germans, and not understanding French, we marched in without hindrance, and having crossed a court came to the apartments of the keeper, who was at dinner with some officers. At our request he accompanied us round this ancient building, which was one of most important fortresses belonging to the duke of Savoy, before the Bernois conquered the Pays de Vaud, and added the country on this side of the lake to the canton. It contains two courts, and has a number of apartments and galleries, with round towers at the corners, and a square watch tower in the centre. But the greatest curiosity is the extensive range of subterraneous vaults, partly excavated in the solid rock, which are used for prisons. In one of these vaults, below the surface of the lake (which washes the walls of the castle) the Bernois found Bonnevard, the prison of St. Victor, when they took it from the duke of Savoy in 1536.

We soon after passed through Villeneuve, at the head of the lake, and entered a fine, well cultivated plain, shut in by high mountains. At Aigle we stopped to refresh our horses, and then pursued our journey to this place, which is situated in what is called the 'Government of Aigle.' The Rhone, which runs through this extensive valley, separates this government from the country called La Vallais. Since the French have conquered it from the duke of Savoy (or king of Sardinia) it forms part of the department of the Leucan.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

Sketches of the English Character.

[By Goldsmith.]

IT is no unpleasing contemplation to consider the influence which soil and climate have upon the disposition of the inhabitants, the animals and vegetables of different countries. That among the brute creation is much more visible than in man, and that in vegetables more than either. In some places, those plants which are entirely poisonous at home, lose their deleterious quality by being carried abroad; there are serpents in Macedonia so harmless as to be used as playthings for children, and we are told, that in some parts of Fez, there are lions so very timorous as to be scared away, though coming in herds, by the cries of women.

I know of no country where the influence of climate and soil is more visible than in England; the same hidden cause which gives courage to their dogs and cocks, gives also fierceness to their men. But chiefly this ferocity appears among the vulgar. The polite of every country pretty nearly resemble each other. But as in simpling, it is among the uncultivated productions of nature, we are to examine the characteristic differences of climate and soil, so, in an estimate of the genius of the people we must look among the sons of unpolished rusticity. The vulgar English, therefore, may be easily distinguished from all the rest of the world, by superior pride, impatience, and a peculiar hardiness of soul.

Perhaps no qualities in the world are more susceptible of a fine polish than these; artificial complaisance and easy deference being superinduced over these, generally forms a great character; something at once elegant and majestic, affable, yet sincere. Such in general are the better sort; but they who are left in primitive rudeness, are the least disposed for society with others, or comfort internally, of any people under the sun.

The poor indeed of every country are but little prone to treat each other with tenderness; their own miseries are too apt to engross all their pity; and perhaps too they give but little commiseration, as they find but little from others. But, in England, the poor treat each other upon every occasion with more than savage animosity, and as if they were in a state of open war by nature. In China, if two porters should meet in a narrow street, they would lay down their burdens, make a thousand excuses to each other for the accidental interruption, and beg pardon on their knees; if two men of the same occupation should meet here, they would first begin to scold, and at last to beat each other. One would think they had miseries enough resulting from penury and labour, not to encrease them by ill nature among themselves, and subjection to new penalties, but such considerations never weigh with them.

But to recompence this strange absurdity, they are in the main, generous, brave and enterprising. They feel the slightest injuries with a degree of ungoverned impatience, but resist the greatest calamities with surprising fortitude. Those miseries under which any other people in the world would sink, they have often shewed they were capable of enduring; if accidentally cast upon some desolate coast, their perseverance is beyond what any other nation is capable of sustaining; if imprisoned for crimes, their efforts to escape are greater than among others.—The peculiar strength of their prisons, when compared to those elsewhere, argues their hardiness; even the strongest prisons I have ever seen in other countries would be very insufficient to confine the untameable spirit of an Englishman. In short, what man dares do in circumstances of danger, an Englishman will. His virtues seem to sleep in the calm, and are called out only to combat the kindred storm.

But the greatest eulogy of this people is the generosity of their miscreants: The tenderness in general of their robbers and highwaymen. Perhaps no people can produce instances of the same kind, where the desperate mix pity with injustice; still showing that they understand a distinction in crimes, and even in acts of violence have still some tincture of remaining virtue. In every other country robbery and murder go almost always together; here it seldom happens, except upon ill judged resistance or pursuit. The banditti of other countries are unmerciful to a supreme degree; the highwayman and robber here are generous at least to the public, and pretend even to virtues in their intercourse among each other. Taking, therefore, my opinion of the English from the virtues and vices practised amongst the vulgar, they at once present to a stranger all their faults, and keep their virtues up only for the inquiring eye of a philosopher.

Foreigners are generally shocked at their insolence upon first coming among them: they find themselves ridiculed and insulted in every street; they meet with none of those trifling civilities so frequent elsewhere, which are in-

stances of mutual good will, without previous acquaintance; they travel through the country, either too ignorant or too obstinate to cultivate a closer acquaintance, meet every moment something to excite their disgust, and return home to characterise this as the region of spleen, insolence and ill nature. In short, England would be the last place in the world I would travel to by way of amusement, but the first for instruction. I would chuse to have others for my acquaintance, but Englishmen for my friends.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, February 2.

Potter v. Barnet.

The plaintiff in this case is a dashing belle, in the suite of the Paphian Goddess. Being pressed for cash, she applied to the defendant, an auctioneer, for the loan of 250l. which he advanced to supply her necessities; but as he was too much a man of business, and too little a man of pleasure, to confide in the honour and punctuality of our British Aspasia, he had a bond of the lady, with a warrant of attorney, to confess judgment, and also a bill of sale of the sofas, pier glasses, girandoles, &c. with which her splendid mansion was decorated. The auctioneer, it seems, had an eye to the profits of his trade, and lent this money in the hope that all these effects would pass under his own hammer. The lady, however, had no such design; she had answered her immediate purposes, and for her less pressing exigencies, she trusted to the politeness and liberality of Col. ——, who was at Newmarket. To this gentleman she imparted her painful situation, which the confidence of friendship could alone permit her to disclose. The colonel flew to her relief on the wings of love, heard the painful story, wiped away the tear of affliction, and sent for the defendant, Thomas Barnet, to discharge the debt. A curious interview took place between the officer and the tradesman; the latter insisted on disposing of the property, or on receiving 50l. beyond the extent of the loan. The colonel was doubtful whether he should throw this son of Mercury behind the fire or out of the window. But love, which is drawn reposing on the paw of a lion, soothed his indignation, and he paid 300l. which was the sum demanded.

This action was brought to recover the difference between the amount of the loan, with the expences upon it, and the sum extorted by the defendant.

Messrs. Erskine and Espinasse adduced evidence to prove the material facts, and contended, that the bill of sale was merely a security, and was not to be considered as indicating any *bona fide* transaction, of which the defendant could avail himself, as a ground of retaining the sum he had received above the original demand.

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, argued, that a sale of the effects appeared on the face of the instrument, and that the defendant had a right to make whatever bargain he pleased for the resignation of the effects comprised in such sale. The surplus received, was, therefore, to be deemed the consideration for the surrender of his contract; and he presumed, that a little less Champaigne, and a little more chicken hazard, would soon redress the inconvenience the lady had sustained.

Lord Ellenborough stated to the jury, that their verdict would depend upon their construction of the bill of sale, whether any actual sale of the effects were intended and made, or whether it were merely a security to which common prudence, under the circumstances of which a loan would induce a tradesman to resort.—Verdict for the plaintiff, 33l. 6d.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

COWPER'S LIFE.

A very handsome edition of this celebrated work, written by the poet Mr. Hayley, has just appeared, from the press of Messrs. Swords, of New-York, together with a narrative of the leading events of Cowper's life. It comprises a large collection of original letters and poetical composition, from the pen of this inimitable writer. To the admirers of the *Task*, this work will prove a literary feast. It presents the amiable though unfortunate bard, in a new, but truly interesting light. To behold a mind of such uncommon powers beclouded, and sinking under the pressure of religious melancholy—often cheered by the consolations of affectionate friendship, but as often the prey of hopeless despondency—a heart filled with the 'milk of human kindness,' rent with the acutest pains, and anxiously wishing for the moment when it should cease to beat—is a sight calculated to awaken all the tenderest sympathies of the feeling heart.

Mr. Maxwell has in a state of great forwardness a very elegant edition, to be published for Wm. Poyntell & Co. of the Life of Darwin, by Miss Seward. This volume contains many curious anecdotes of Literature, and a very copious Criticism upon the "Botanic Garden."

Moore's Anacreon is likewise in the press of Mr. Maxwell and will soon appear in a very superb style. On the merits of this exquisitely elegant translation it is superfluous to enlarge, as the work is familiar to every polite scholar.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Gifford's translation of Juvenal is thus characterised in the critical department of 'The Political Register,' a publication of great merit and authority:

It has long been a matter of regret, that the English language possessed no translation of Juvenal, which could satisfy the reader of taste. The translation which goes under the name of Dryden is unequal as all the others. Dr. Johnson, in imitating two of the satires, has given cause for regret that he went no further. Mr. Gifford has at length given to the world his translation of Juvenal, and has left little to be wished for. He has executed his task with fidelity and spirit, and generally with elegance. The notes and illustrations are judicious. A narrative of his early life is prefixed by Mr. G. and it is of a most interesting nature.

—

In his History of the reign of George III. Dr. Bisset, with great sagacity, has fairly developed the factious views of the Jacobin Junius, and considers him merely as an eloquent partizan of the Whig Junto.

—

Of a new poem, entitled Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie, the British critics say, 'It implies no little modesty and self-denial in a poet of so respectable a kind as the author of this work to have sent it into the world anonymously. The stile of the lighter pieces is flowing and elegant; and those in which historical and traditionary circumstances have been mingled, are replete with fire and fancy. What Pope said when Johnson published his '*London*,' the production he was told of some obscure man, we may venture to predict of the writer of these poems, he will soon be *deterre*.

—

Kotzebue has just produced another novel entitled '*Hell upon Earth*.' We congratulate this German Jacobin upon his new proficiency in *Self-Knowledge*. The title of his book is a very appropriate one; and it would be *Hell upon Earth* for any reader of principle or taste to peruse a single page of this Teutonic stupidity.

—

In 'the British Critic' we find the following respectful mention of a medical performance by Dr. J. R. Coxe, of this city:

Practical Observations on Vaccination or Inoculation for the Cow Pox, by John Redman Coxe, M. D. embellished with a coloured engraving, 8vo. pp. 6s. Philadelphia 1802.

The author begins with giving the history of the discovery of the method of propagating the cow pox, as delivered by Dr. Jenner, to which he has added observations from a variety of other publications in England, and indeed in most parts of Europe, which he thought necessary, in order to give his countrymen (many of whom might not have an opportunity of procuring the works) complete information on the subject. We are then presented with the result of his own practice in vaccination, which appears to have been considerable, and his success equal to that of the most fortunate practitioners here, or on any part of the globe. It is remarkable that the disease is not known to effect the cows in any part of America. The same exemption from the disease is enjoyed by the cows in most parts of Europe, and even in many of the counties in this island. Though we consider the work before us as *very valuable*, and highly *deserving of notice*, yet, as we have examined so many publications on the subject, we do not think it is necessary to extend this article further.

—

Dr. Aikin has produced an ingenious little Sylva, entitled 'The Woodland Companion,' which gives a concise description of the appearance and properties of the trees and shrubs that most frequently occur in the woods and pleasure grounds of Great Britain. The trees described are thirty-three in number; its style is, as it ought to be, popular and of easy comprehension, and the whole is enriched with such entertaining remarks and poetical extracts, as the compiler's extensive reading has readily suggested to him.

—

Upon the truly important topic of *Education*, we are deeply indebted to Dr. Barrow, a late practitioner and veteran in the profession. This treatise pretends to no novelty of system and little novelty of remark; of the former we have had a great deal too much already, and of the latter a portion sufficient, if we would enforce the observations offered, but it gives us all that a treatise can bestow—a sound and discriminate judgment in which we may always confide—maxims drawn from the life, and true as the magnet to the pole—a chaste perspicuous style that conveys the real meaning of the author—and a manly, impressive ratiocination that alone delights and convinces us.

—

Pope has made the utmost advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pause with the utmost success:

Die, and endow a *col*lege or a *cat*.

—

An advertisement in an Eastern paper, announces a DUKE for sale. We were curious to learn how the Americans procured such an article and what was the price: But it seems that Mr. Samuel Chamberlain, the advertiser, who lives at the sign of the *Blue Bottle*, is only a *Vintner*, and not a Vender of nobility. For he gravely tells us his *Duke* is so prepared that half a pint or less makes a quart of good flavoured punch, without any other mixture. We conclude, therefore, it must be a *Rum Duke*.

Learning is like Scanderberg's sword, either good or bad, according to him that hath it: an excellent weapon, if well used; otherwise, like a sharp razor in the hand of a child.

—

In Great Britain, a man of letters is not considered ineligible to an office of honour or profit, and a remunerating and wise government are willing to reward scholars as well as statesmen. The following paragraph, from a London paper, records the promotion of an agreeable writer. How it would amaze our *simple* republicans, if a man of talents should, by a kind of miracle, be thought worthy of public favour.

James Cobb, Esq. author of several popular dramatic pieces, was yesterday appointed assistant secretary by the Court of Directors of the East-India Company.

—

Daniel Isaac Eaton, formerly a bookseller in Newgate street, convicted, about three years since, of publishing a seditious libel, and who was *outlawed* in consequence of not appearing to receive judgment, was apprehended on the fourth of November last, by Rivett, one of the Bow street officers, and lodged in the custody of the Sheriff of London.

[*Europ. Mag.*

—

If we engage in large acquaintance, and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that; whatsoever it may be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than my lord chief justice.

—

PROGRESS OF LITERATURE.

The "Philadelphia Company of Booksellers," thinking that the growing interests of literature in this country have for some time required a vehicle to communicate literary information, as well of books already published, as of those contemplated to be put to the press, have commenced a paper, intitled "The Library, or Philadelphia Literary Reporter," wherein it is their intention to give notice of the volumes they publish, and of those, for which they solicit subscriptions. This paper will be delivered gratis to the patrons of literature, applying therefor, and paying the postage. Perhaps it is to be wished, that other Companies of Booksellers in the United States would follow this example; literary men would then be informed where they might obtain those volumes which they want. It may be proper to add, that it would be an useful extension of this plan to publish a catalogue of the new foreign publications of merit, which are imported into the country.

[*Charleston Courier.*

—

HUMOUROUS CROSS READING.

A list of the fellows of the Medical society.... publicly whipped for sheep stealing.

Ran away from the subscriber in June last....a two story house with an orchard adjoining.

Strayed or stolen, a two year old steer....had on a felt hat and blue overalls.

Several farmers are now sowing....nail rods, glass, rum, sugar, and brandy....owing to the high price of provisions.

A good new milch cow....wants to hire genteel boarding and lodging.

The house took up the secret communications .....relative to some women of pleasure.....the galleries were immediately cleared.

The Hon. Court of Probate for the district of....was brought to bed of twins, both likely to do well.

—

EPIGRAM.

From the Dartmouth Gazette.

Vermont, less wise than sister France,
And more than fifty times as odd,
In spite of Federalists and chance,
Has voted that she'll have a God;
And gravely fix'd her choice upon
'The mild, the *modest* Jefferson'!!

—

Mr. Elliot, representative in congress from Vermont, has given many proofs of his honesty and independence. Though professedly of the democratic sect, he has risen above the paltry spirit of party, and has, with meritorious zeal, defended the rights and interests of the small state to which he belongs. He opposed, by his eloquence and his vote, the destruction (under the name of an *amendment*) of the constitution.

[*Bulance.*

—

Mr. D'Israeli remarks, that a person of true genius is soon placed beneath the level of equality among the frivolous, because talents give no real superiority among such associates; they are applauded rapidly from an old custom, but having been applauded without feeling, are as rapidly forgotten. The permanent interests of such a society consist in every thing that is the reverse of genius; so that a certain mark of mediocrity of talent is the pleasure which such a society affords.

—

In a letter written a short time before his death to Mr. Elliott, now a member of the House of Commons of England, BURKE, in a strain of indignant invective, extorted from him by the pusillanimous conduct of the crowned heads of Europe, in relation to France and the revolution, utters the following truths, which we think so beautiful that our readers, who now see the effects of the conduct of those princes, will join us in admiring them.

"Does any one think, that any servile apologies of mine, or any strutting and bullying insolence of their own, can save them from the ruin that must fall on all institutions of dignity or of authority that are perverted from their purpose to the oppression of human nature in others, and to its disgrace in themselves. As the wisdom of men makes such institutions, the folly of men destroys them. Whatever we may pretend, there is always more in the soundness of the materials, than in the fashion of the work. The order of a good building is something. But if it be wholly declined from its perpendicular; if the cement is loose and incoherent; if the stones are scaling with every change of the weather, and the whole toppling on our heads, what matter is it whether we are crushed by a Corinthian or a Doric ruin? The fine form of a vessel is a matter of use and of delight. It is pleasant to see her decorated with cost and art. But what signifies even the mathematical truth of her form? What signifies all the art and cost with which she can be carved, and painted, and gilded, and covered with decorations from stem to stern; what signify all her rigging and sails, her flags, her pendants and her streamers; what signify even her cannon, her stores and her provisions, if all her planks and timbers be unsound and rotten?

Quamvis Pontica pinus
Silvæ filia nobilis
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile.

A poet hurts himself by writing prose, as a race horse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team.

—

Necessity may be the mother of *lucrative* invention, but it is the death of poetical.

—

One sometimes meets with instances of genteel *abruption* in writers, but I wonder it is not used more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For instance, after Falstaff's disappointment of serving Shallow at court;

'Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds.'

When Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther against England, but to sheath the sword he had drawn at the Pope's own instigation:

'Now it had already cost Philip eighty thousand pounds in preparations.'

After the detail of King John's abject submission to the Pope's legate:

'Now John was hated and despised before.'

But, perhaps, the strongest of all may be taken from the scripture:

'Now Barabbas was a robber.'

[*Shenst. Essays.*]

—

Of Tom Paine, the *republican*, and renegado, the indignant Editor of the British Critic thus justly remarks—The name as well as the doctrines of this profligate impostor, are passing from general contempt into perpetual oblivion.

—

The English artist, who judged of Bonaparte by a *look in the mouth*, proves to be a *horse jockey*.

[*London paper.*

—

Last night, at six o'clock, a large cargo of convicts were sent off from Newgate, in order to be conveyed on board the hulks at Woolwich. They amounted to about fifty, and filled two large tilted waggons. The confinement these wretched men have already suffered, and the punishment they have yet to endure, seemed to have made no impression on them whatever. One fellow, on ascending the ladder leading to the waggon, turned round, and, with the greatest coolness, said "Lord send I may see you *again*, Master Kirby, when I return!" [*Ib.*

—

BAD AND WORSE.

My wife's so very bad, cried Will,
I fear she ne'er will hold it;
She *keeps her bed*.—Mine's worse, said Phil,
The jade has just now *sold it*.

—

OVID's TOMB.

In digging the foundations of a fortress on the borders of the Liman, at the mouth of the Danube, some Russian peasants lately discovered a tomb, which the antiquarians of that country believe to be *Ovid's*. The reasons they give for this opinion, are, 1st. the city of Timé, the exile of that unfortunate poet, was situated in this spot: 2d, that it had been known for a long time under the name of *Laculi Ovideli* (lakes of Ovid): 3d, that they succeeded in finding a bust in the above-mentioned tomb, which, compared at Petersburg with the head of the beautiful Julia, daughter of Augustus, was found to possess a very great resemblance. Now, since Ovid passed for one of the lovers of Julia, it is very probable that some indiscretion of his drew upon him the anger of the emperor, a much more likely cause for the indignation of this prince against him, than the publication of his own poem on the *Art of Love*. Be this as it may, the Russians have bestowed on their new fortress the name of *Ovidopol*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS TO ********

On the Anniversary of my Birth-day, 1804.

Lo! the fair dawn emits its wonted beam,
And o'er yon arch-cerulean lustre's gleam,
Alternate seasons pass in swift career,
And time, with silent speed, rolls on the year;
But not to me returns the blissful ray,
Whose soft effulgence wak'd my natal day;
But not to me returns the peerless light,
Whose hallow'd orbit shone serenely bright.
Ah! who shall cheer affliction's clouded morn,
And from my stricken bosom draw the thorn?
Who shall restrain the gushing tides of woe,
When tempests beat, and raging billows flow?
What hand, unseen, shall mitigate my grief,
Bind up my wounds, and minister relief?
Celestial mercy pours the lenient balm,
Controuls the winds, and bids the sea be calm;
On this bright dawn maternal fondness smil'd,
My pleasures chasten'd, and my cares beguil'd,
Sweet counsel from my mother's lips I drew,
And felt her precepts soft as morning dew;
Her faith, her hope, her charity, her love,
No heights could alter, and no depths remove.
From spring's gay bloom she cull'd the fairest flowers,
And ting'd with rain-bow hues the fleeting hours,
Her's was the radiance that exhal'd my tears,
The tender solace of my infant years;—
Yet all are fled!—at thy supreme decree,
My sainted mother breath'd her soul to thee;
Her time, her talents, and her life were given
To him who wing'd an angel form to heaven.
Ye, who have trac'd the shaded path she trod,
And mark'd her meek submission to her God;
Ye, who have seen her ardent spirit soar,
Where seraph's worship, and where saints adore,
With you I lowly bend at sorrow's shrine,
And ask your filial tears to mix with mine.
Guide of my youth! to thee my pray'rs ascend,
And in thy glorious presence, lo! I bend;
When my lov'd parent gains access to thee,
A portion of her spirit grant to me!
With thee my solemn covenants are made,
And all my troubled soul on thee is stay'd,
Thou said'st 'affliction springs not from the dust,'
Thy 'word is truth,' and on that word I trust;
My SISTER's life was in thy holy hand,
And all its issues were at thy command;
Thy powerful arm sustain'd her drooping head,
And round her pillow was thy glory shed;
At thy decree 'the sun and moon stood still,'
Thine arrows mov'd obedient to thy will;
When thou ordain'st thy 'glittering spear to shine,'
Ah, teach my heart its treasures to resign!
Teach me to gain the path thy saints have trod,
And centre all my soul in thee, my God! E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CRICKET.

Thro' the curtains while the moon
Faintly pours her feeble ray,
And the cuckoo-clock chimes its midnight tune,
And the distant watch-dogs bay,
Then I hear the cricket cry,
Chirping shrill and merrily,
Cric, cricket, cric, cric.
Thus, who would not waking lie
To listen to the cricket's cry?

He whom pain forbids to sleep,
Fever's fire, or tooth-ache's twang,
Ague chills that shivering creep,
Gout, or fierce rheumatic pang:
Often while he wakes shall hear,
From some hole or crevice near,
Cric, cricket, cric, cric.
And, perhaps, will soothe his pain
To listen to the simple strain.

Me, when softer cares molest,
Musing on my former loves,
Or friendships of the youthful breast,
Or thro' hope's bowers while fancy roves:
I love to hear the merry sound,
Echoing from each corner round,
Cric, cricket, cric, cric.
Always, when I waking lie,
May I hear the cricket's cry.

ITHACUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

When in thy brightest beauty clad,
With smiles such as thou once did'st wear,
Dim sleep has brought thee to my eyes,
And love, exulting hails his prize;
Too soon, alas! the vision flies;
How soon 'tis fled away!

But when I view thee pale and sad,
And on thy eye-lid hangs the tear,
That mourns thy injur'd beauty's slight,
That dream departs not with the night,
It mingles with the morning light,
And darkens all the day.

ITHACUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The charming apostrophe of Horace to his cup-bearer, has been rendered in the jocose and serious style by many an ingenious translator. Of the last class of versions the following, by Mr. Boscawen, is a favourable specimen.]

HOR. BOOK I. ODE 38.

PERSICOS ODI.

Away, my boy, with eastern state!
The soft luxurious crown I hate,
With tender fibres wove;
Seek not the spot where blushing grows,
With lingering sweets, the autumnal rose,
Nor rob the fragrant grove!

No: let the myrtle's simple wreath,
Whose leaves unmingled fragrance breathe,
In artless beauty twine!
Thy care the myrtle best may shew,
Me best adorn, whose goblets flow
Beneath the embow'ring vine.

This little ode was probably spoken extempore by the poet to one of his servants, and perhaps published to prove his readiness at versification on the most trifling occasions. It also affords a proof of his moderate and unaffected style of living, and his aversion to inordinate luxury.

The Canzonet, *La Partenza*, was written, says a current story, on the following occasion: A young nobleman, of very high rank, was so deeply enamoured of a beautiful young opera dancer, as to make his friends fear he would elope with her. It was Metastasio's office to prevent this evil, and, at their request, he wrote the following Canzonet.

THE SEPARATION.

Ecco quel fiero islante, &c.

Nisa, the dreadful time
Is come to bid adieu!
Nor to a distant clime
Must I thy steps pursue.
No hope will fate allow
To soothe the harsh decree,
Yet who can tell if thou
Wilt ever think of me!

Let me, in volant thought,
Ideal bliss renew;
By reminiscence taught,
I'll still thy steps pursue.
Full in my sight, as now,
Thy image e'er will be;
Yet who can tell if thou
Wilt ever think of me!

In solitary ways,
While sorrowing I go,
To rocks I'll sing thy praise,
To echo tell my woe.
The woods shall hear my vow,
And zephyr bring it thee;
Yet who can tell if thou
Wilt ever think of me!

To scenes my restless mind
Will ever have the clue,
When time and fate were kind,
And Nisa was in view.
And these regretting, how
From pain can I be free;—
Yet who can tell if thou
Wilt ever think of me!

Sometimes the fountain viewing,
Where Nisa once look'd grave,
Then, kindness sweet renewing,
Her beauteous hand she gave.
Here hope sat on thy brow,
There fear no hope could see:
Yet who can tell if thou
Wilt ever think of me!

What votaries soon will crowd
Thy shrine both day and night,
Declare their suit aloud
When I am out of sight!
O heav'n! while there all bow,
And bend the supple knee,
Who, Nisa, knows if thou
Wilt e'er remember me!

Think of the fatal dart,
I evermore shall guard
Deep rankling in my heart,
Remote from all reward!
Think, from my misery now,
How wretched I shall be—
But dare I hope that thou
Wilt ever think of me!

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Author of the "Pleasures of Hope."

Our bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had lowe'r'd,
And the centinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die!

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice, ere the cock crew, dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
To the house of my father, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travell'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly we swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart.

Stay! stay with us! rest! thou art weary and worn,
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

EPIGRAM.

Cries Nell to Tom, 'mid matrimonial strife,
'Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife.'
'By all the powers, said Tom, but that's too bad,
You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had.'

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